

MARVEL®

THE FALL OF THE MUTANTS™

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN®

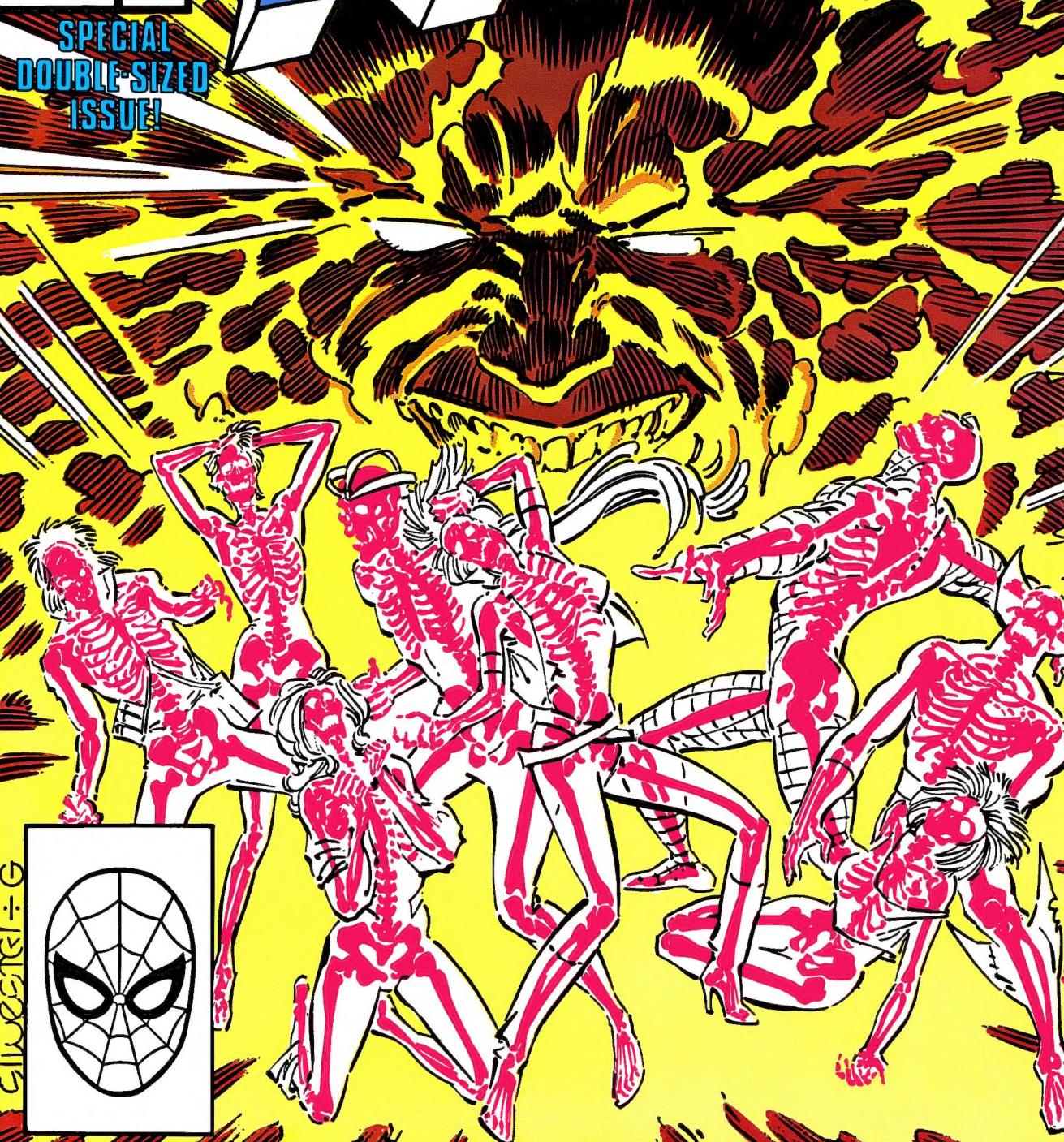
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226
FEB
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APPROVED
BY THE
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CODE
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SPECIAL
DOUBLE-SIZED
ISSUE!



GLOUCESTER DIVISION

The LOBBY--
EAGLE TOWER...

SOMETIMES...

...WOLVERINE HATES HIS MUTANT POWER, THE ABILITY TO HEAL VIRTUALLY ANY WOUND. BECAUSE WITHOUT IT, HE'D BE DEAD NOW...

...INSTEAD OF SCREAMING SILENTLY IN AGONY AS HIS BODY KNITS ITSELF BACK TOGETHER.

HE'S BEEN HURT BEFORE, LOTS OF TIMES-- BUT RARELY AS BADLY AS THIS.

HE SENSES DEEP DOWN-- IN HIS BONES THAT CAN'T BE BROKEN-- THAT THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

BUT IF HE YIELDS TO THE SHADOWS WITHIN HIS MIND-- THE TRANSIORY OBLIVION OF A HEALING COMA-- WHO'LL LEAD THE X-MEN?

THEY NEED HIM.

HE UNDERSTANDS THAT.

SO HE FIGHTS TO STAY AWAKE, IN CONTROL, IN COMMAND.

HATING
EVERY
MOMENT.

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HOLD STILL, SHAPE-CHANGER, OR I'LL TIE YOU UP SO TIGHT YOU'LL BLEED!

IF MYSTIQUE DOESN'T SHUT UP, MADELYNE, GAG HER, OKAY?

I'M A FEDERAL AGENT,
Ms. PRYOR...

...WITH A
LAWFUL
WARRANT
FOR THE
X-MEN'S
ARREST.

I WILL BUILD A
REDOUBT TO PROTECT
WOLVERINE.

RESISTING
LIKE THIS
ONLY MAKES
MATTERS WORSE
FOR YOU ALL!

HAVOK, WHAT
IS HAPPENING
OUTSIDE?

NOTHING.
MYSTIQUE'S
FREEDOM
FORCE
GOONS
ARE JUST
STANDING
AROUND.

THIS IS
CRAZY!

THE WORLD'S
TURNED UPSIDE-
DOWN-- BECOME A
NIGHTMARE WHERE
WE X-MEN ARE
VILLAINS...

"WISH I COULD HEAR
WHAT SHE'S SAYING."



...AND SOME
OF OUR
OLDEST
ENEMIES, THE
GOOD GUYS.

THEY'VE GOT THREE
OF OURS PRISONER--
PSYLOCKE, DAZZLER
AND ROGUE-- I WONDER
IF WE CAN TRADE
MYSTIQUE FOR 'EM? BUT
WHAT DO WE DO THEN?

THAT OLD
LADY--
THEIR
PRECOG,
DESTINY--
LOOKS
PRETTY
UPSET.

...AS MY
EYES!

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT,
WOMAN?
IF YOU'RE
WORRIED
ABOUT
MYSTIQUE--??

FOOL! SHE IS
NOTHING, WE ARE
NOTHING!
MY POWER,
COMMANDO, IS
TO "SEE" THE
FUTURE.

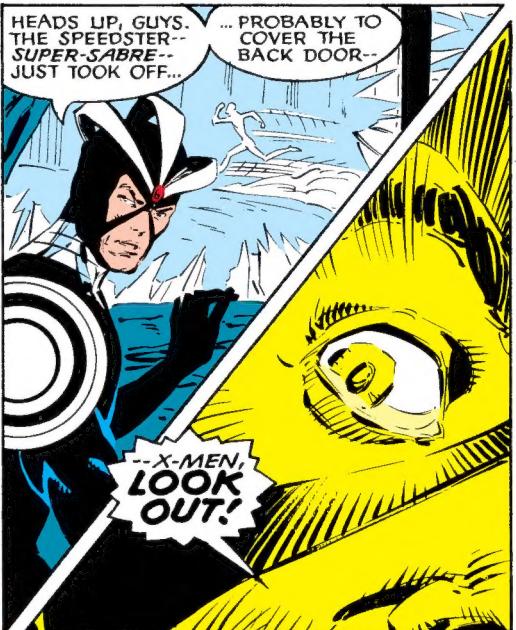
HEADS UP, GUYS.
THE SPEEDSTER--
SUPER-SABRE--
JUST TOOK OFF...

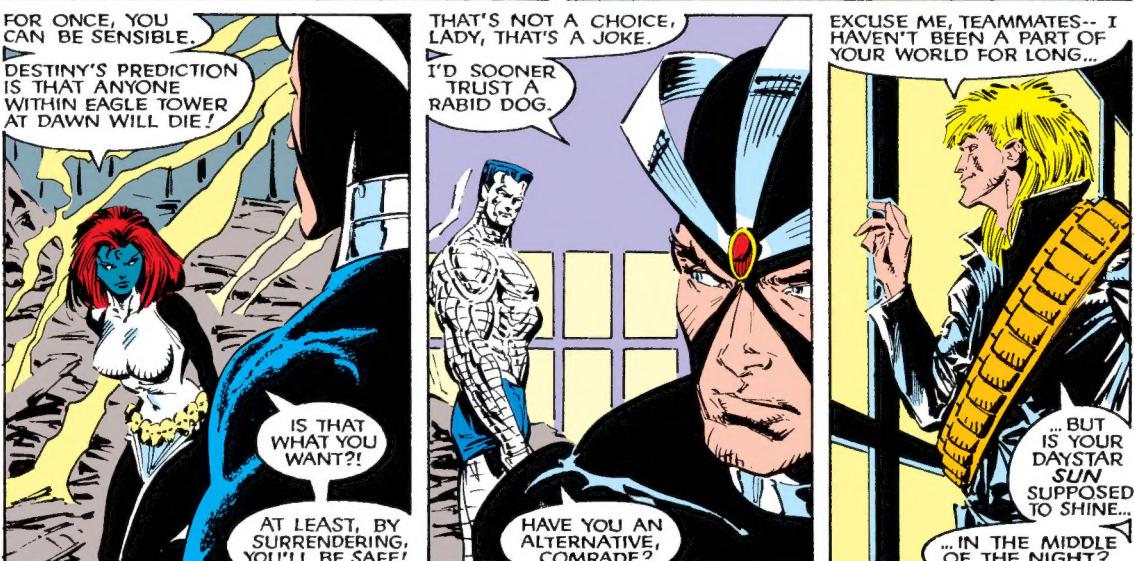
...PROBABLY TO
COVER THE
BACK DOOR--

BUT FOR US,
FOR THE X-MEN--
PERHAPS EVEN
OUR WORLD--

--I SEE
NONE!

--X-MEN,
LOOK
OUT!

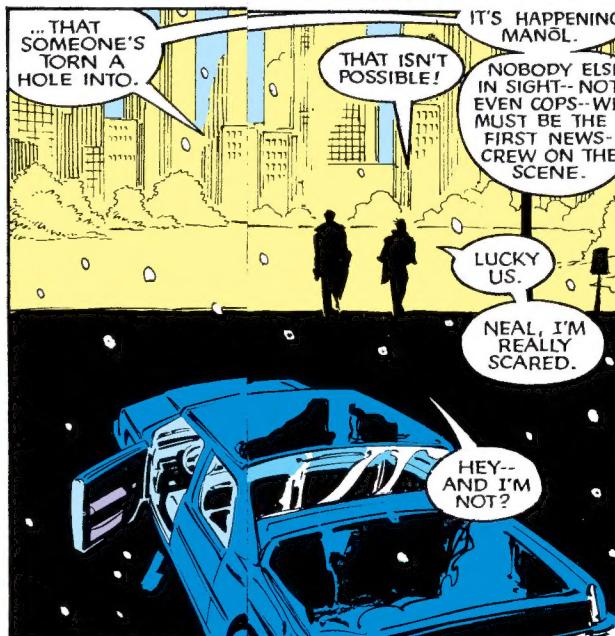
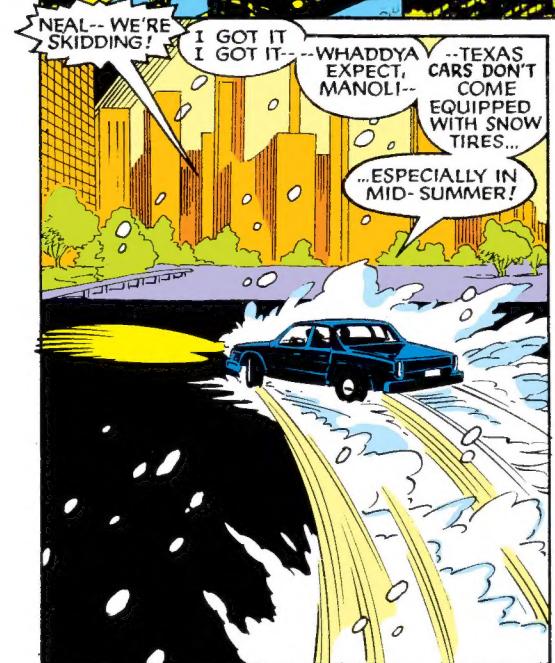




Stan Lee presents

GO TELL THE SPARTANS

CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER
MARC SILVESTRI DAN GREEN
ARTISTS
OLIVER & WRAY, COLORIST
TOM ORZECCHOWSKI, LETTERER
ANN NOCENTI, EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF



MEANWHILE,
BACK AT
EAGLE
PLAZA...

WHEN SUPER-SABRE DECKED ME WITH HIS MICROSONIC BOOM, MY OWN POWER MUST HAVE ABSORBED THE BRUNT OF THE SHOCK WAVE...

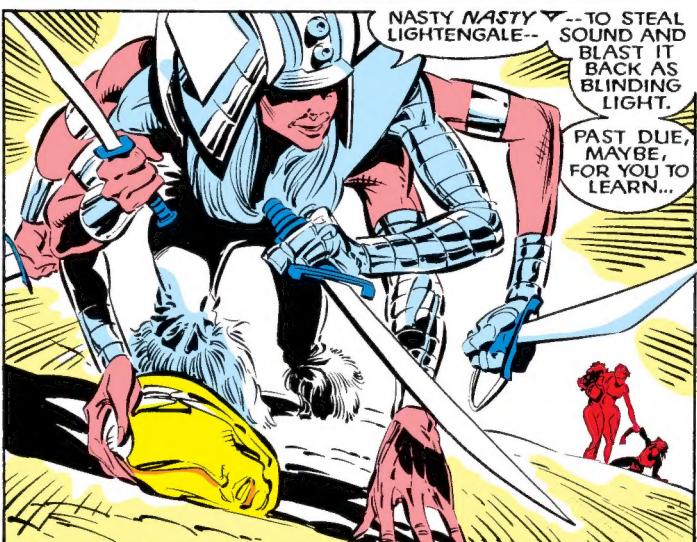
... AND BLUNTED ITS FORCE, SO I WAS ONLY STUNNED.

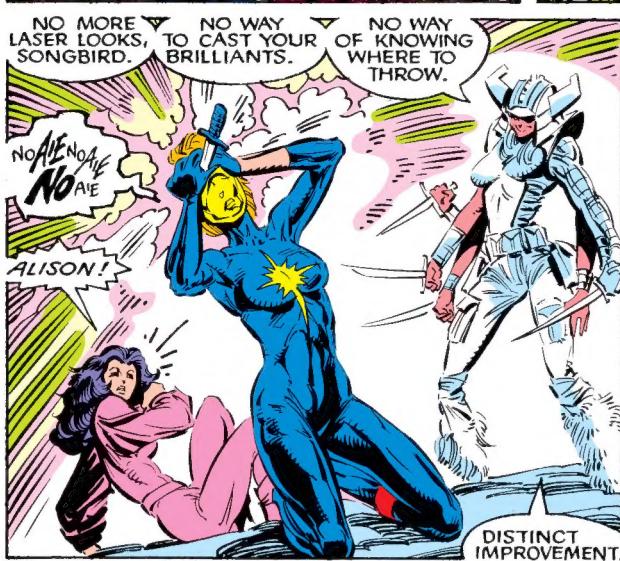
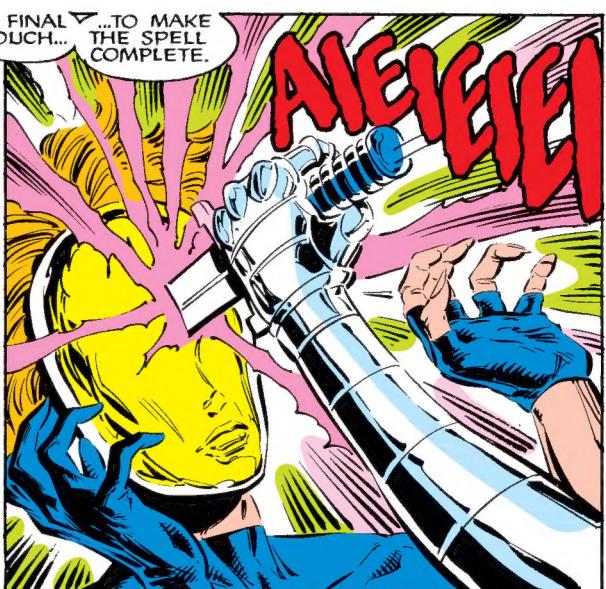


THIS ISN'T THE OCCASION FOR ANYTHING FANCY.

JUST Clobber THE CREEPS

WITH MY BRIGHTEST DAZZLE-FLASH!





YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT
LOSIN' HEADS, YOU
SPOTTED DOG...



ELSEWHERE...

SHE IS
ORORO--



--WHICH, IN HER
NATIVE TONGUE,
MEANS BEAUTY.



SHE IS
CALLED
STORM.



HE IS
FORGE.

WHEN I
WOKE UP...

... I THOUGHT
I WAS
DREAMING.

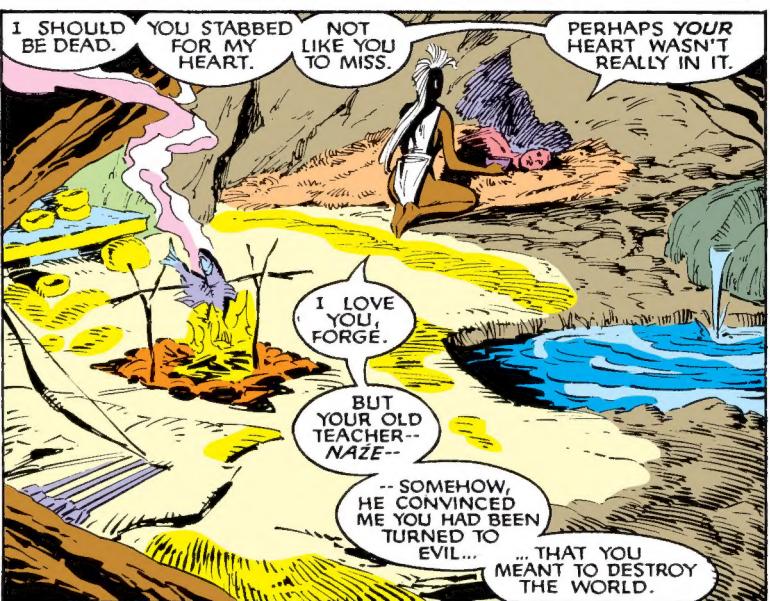


I SHOULD
BE DEAD.

YOU STABBED
FOR MY
HEART.

NOT
LIKE YOU
TO MISS.

PERHAPS YOUR
HEART WASN'T
REALLY IN IT.



YOU MAY
WELL BE.

OR
I AM.

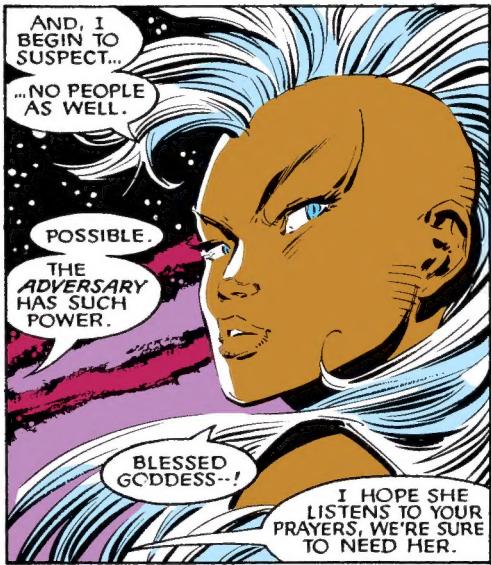
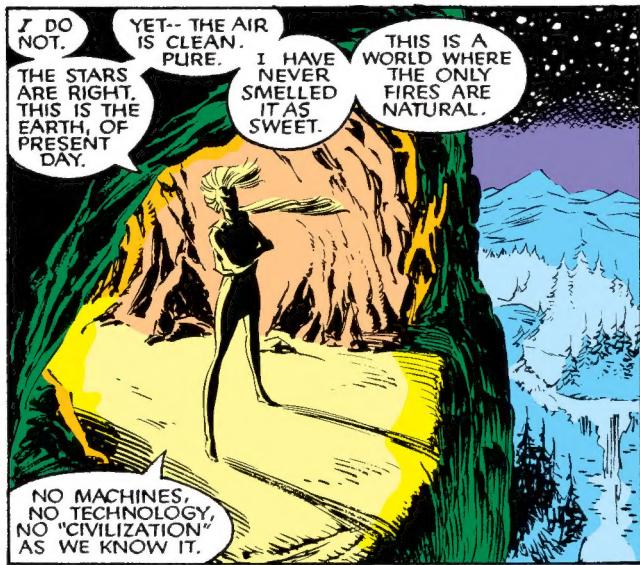
OR, PERHAPS,
WE ARE BOTH
DEAD, AND THIS
IS PARADISE.

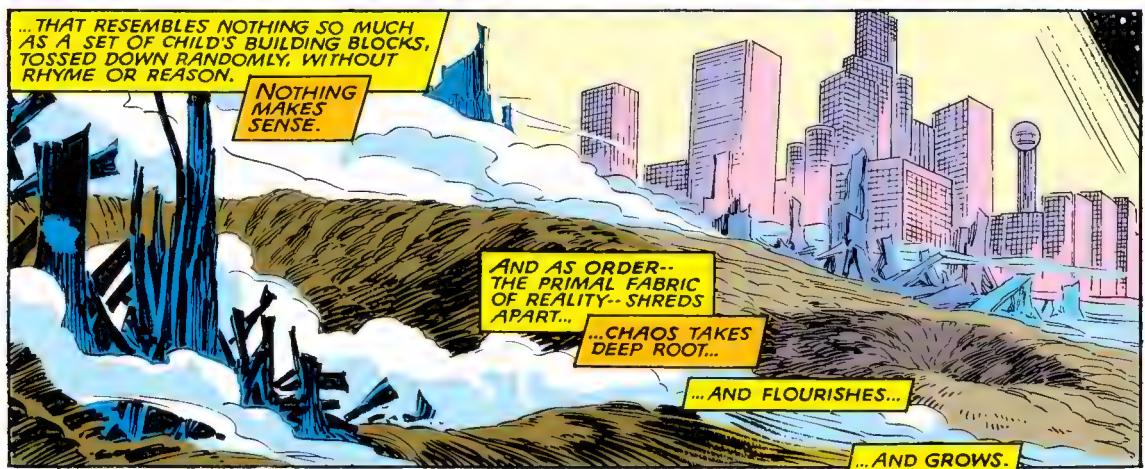
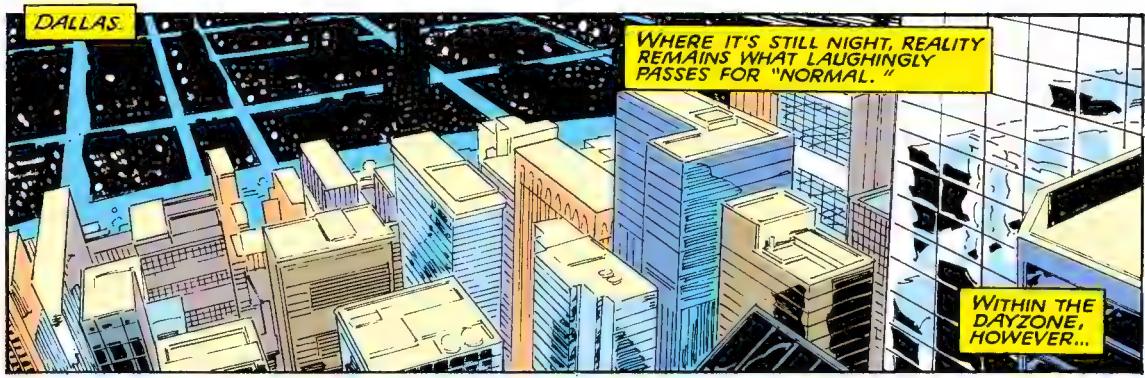


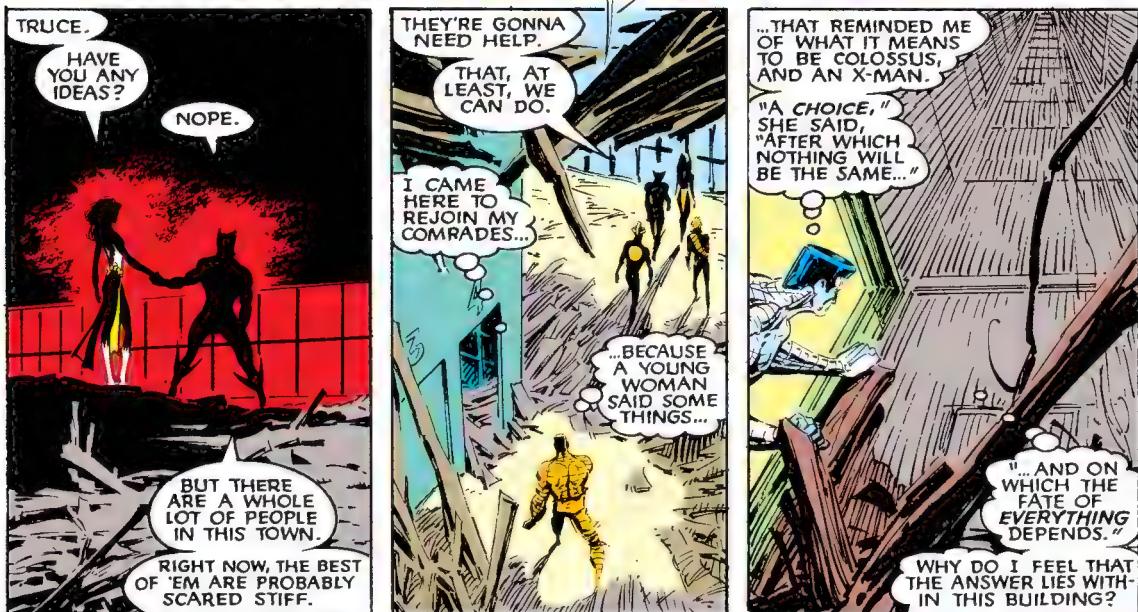
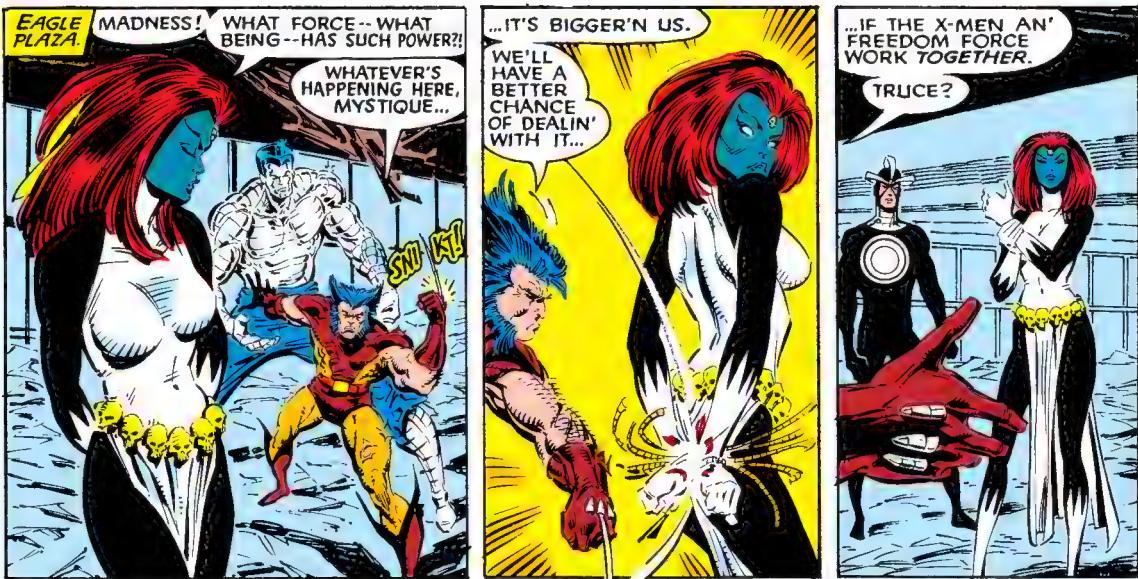
TO MY
SHAME...

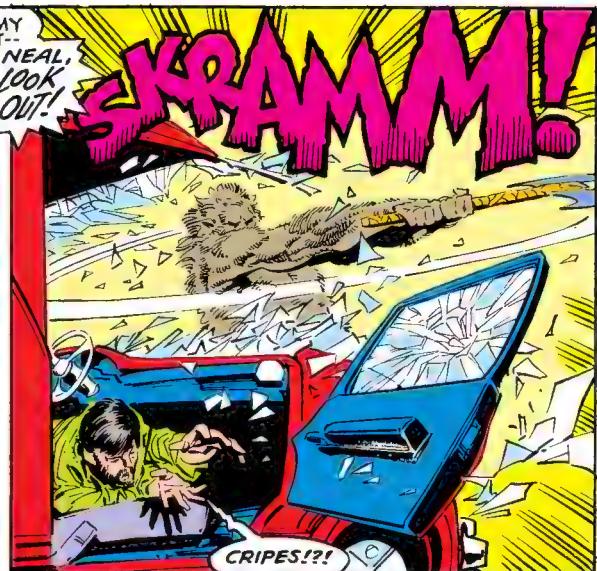
... I
BELIEVED
HIM.

ORORO-- I
UNDERSTAND--!









The GALLERIA--

--TRANSFORMED BY THE
ELDRITCH TIMEWAVES
INTO HALF SHOPPING MALL...

...HALF PRE-
HISTORIC
JUNGLE...

...COMPLETE WITH
A VERY HUNGRY,
VERY ANNOYED
TYRANNOSAURUS REX.

GET UP,
JIM-BOB!

STOP FOOLIN'
BOY, YOU GOTTA
RUN--NOW!

I CAN'T,
CISSEY--
I HURT
MY LEG!
LEAVE
ME! SAVE
YOUR-
SELF!!

NOT TO WORRY,
YOUNGLINGS.

I'LL
SAVE YOU
BOTH!

Yaieep!

WAOW!

GLOOM!

PERSISTENT
BEAST.

WE'RE
GONNA
DIE
WE'RE
GONNA
DIE



OBLIGED
TO YOU FOR
AT LEAST
TRYIN'
MISTER.

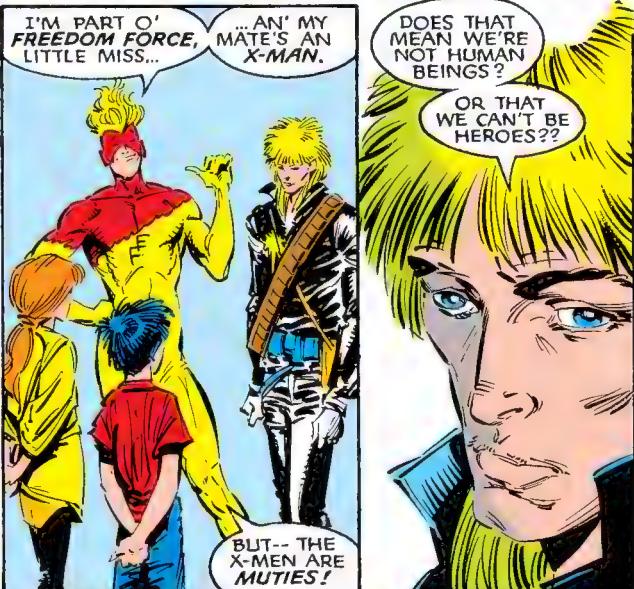
HOLD ME
TIGHT,
CISSEY!

DON'T LOOK
IT'LL BE OVER
REAL QUICK.

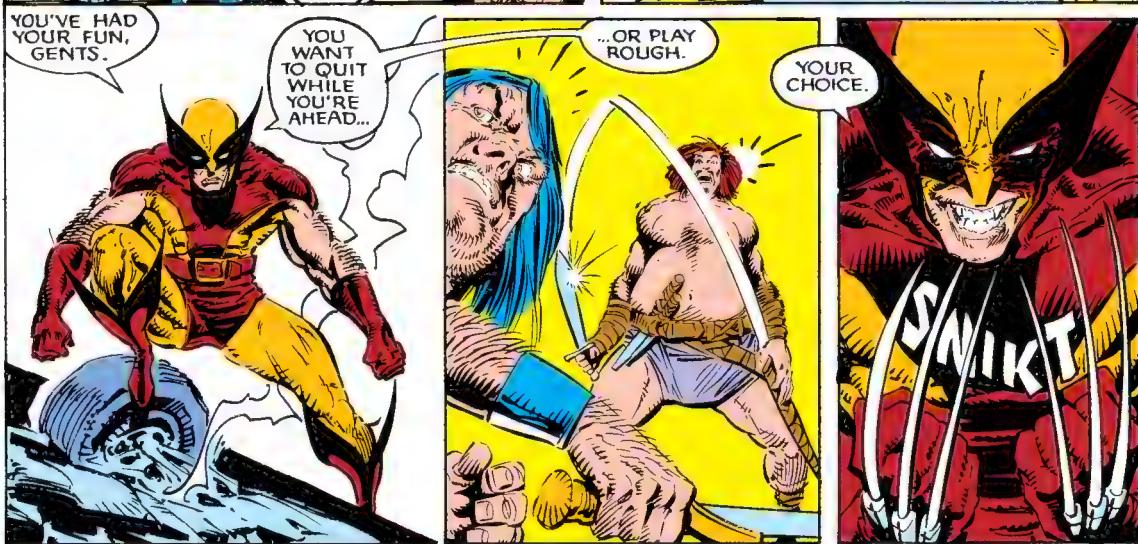
RIGHT YOU ARE,
LADDIE-BUCK--

-- O
CHUM OF
LITTLE
FAITH--





MEANWHILE,
AT THE
JUNCTION OF
I-35 AND THE
DALLAS NORTH
TOLLWAY...





ELSEWHERE--

--THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, NEAR WHAT IN OUR WORLD WOULD BE THE VALLEY OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING...

FORGE--

--YOUR MOUNTAIN OF POWER--

--DESTROYED!

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH.

BUT I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF.

THE ADVERSARY'S VERY THOROUGH, VERY CAREFUL.

PROBABLY THE SAME ON ALL THE EARTHS THERE ARE.

...BUT I HAVE TO BE CERTAIN.

FORGIVE ME, LITTLE FLOWER...

SEE? THE POWER OF THIS NEXUS STILL EXISTS-- BUT IT'S BEEN TAINTED, TWISTED INTO A FORCE INIMICAL TO LIFE. ANYONE WHO TRIES TO DRAW ON IT, ENDS UP THE SAME.

THE ADVERSARY KNOWS I'M CRIPPLED-- THAT THERE MOST LIKELY ISN'T A BLESSED THING I CAN DO TO HIM-- BUT HE ISN'T ABOUT TO TAKE THE RISK.

HE WANTS US IN THE GAME-- THAT'S WHY WE'RE STILL ALIVE-- BUT ON HIS TERMS, AS HIS PAWNS.

I'LL LAY ODDS THE NAZE I KNEW-- MY FATHER-FRIEND, MY TEACHER-- NO LONGER EXISTS, PROBABLY HASN'T FOR QUITE A WHILE.

AT BEST, HE'S BEEN POSSESSED BY THE ADVERSARY.

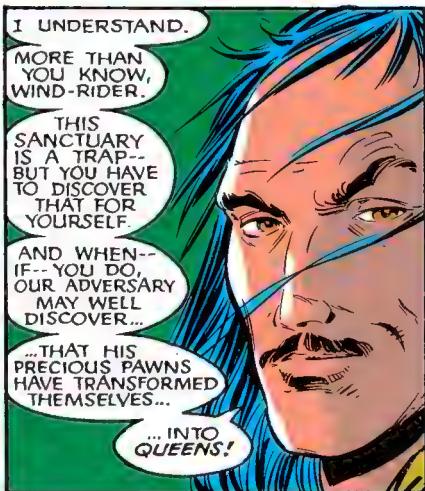
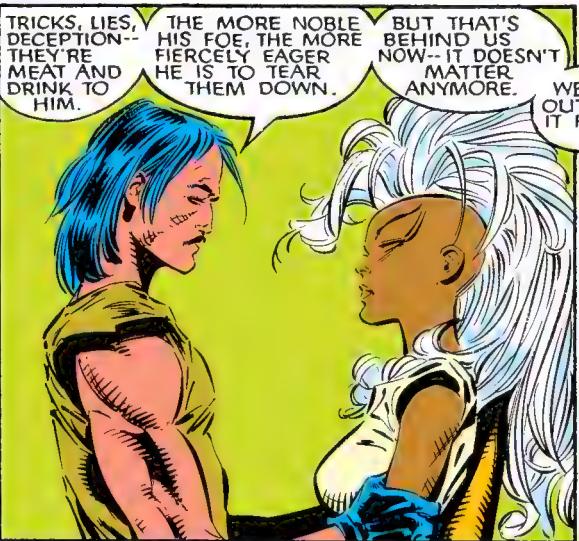
AT WORST, HE'S THE CHAOS-LORD'S HUMAN AVATAR.

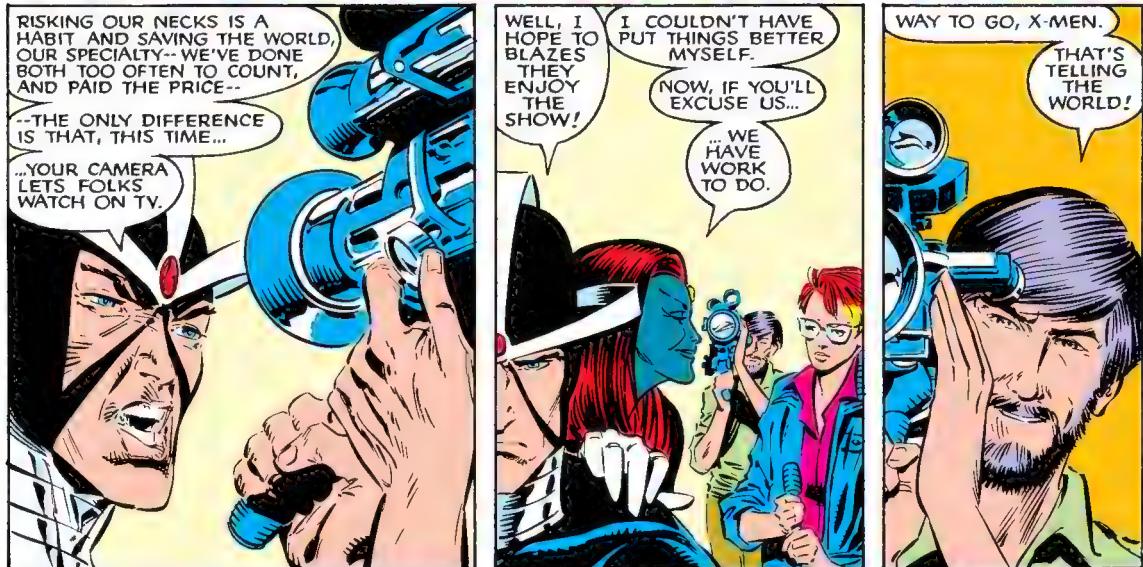
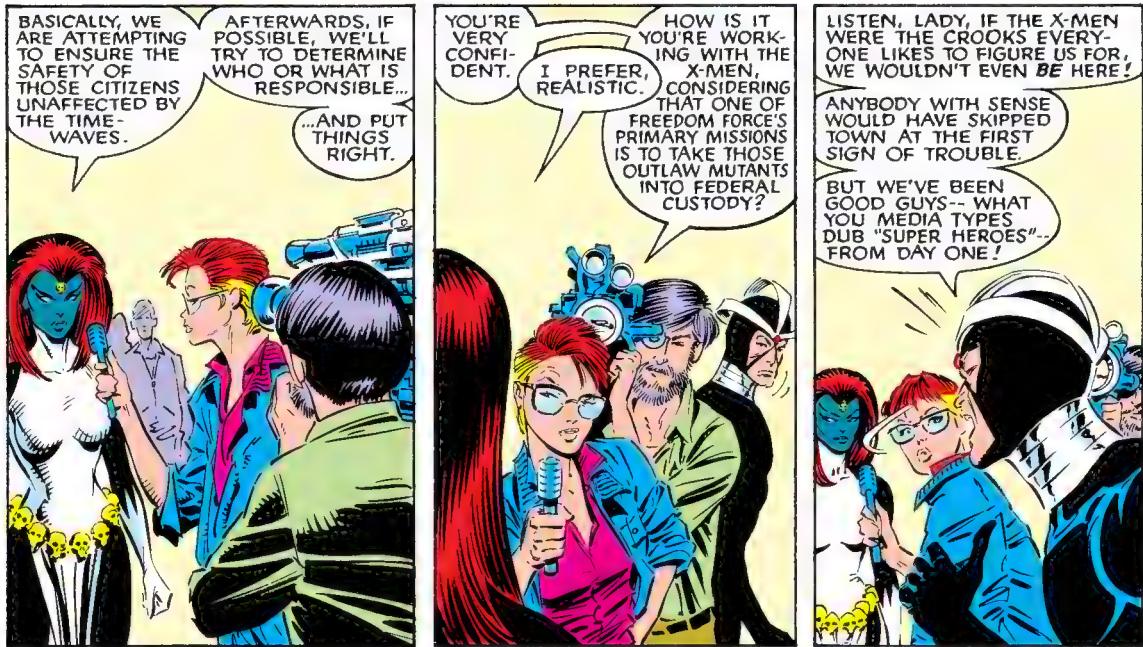
A GOD MADE FLESH.

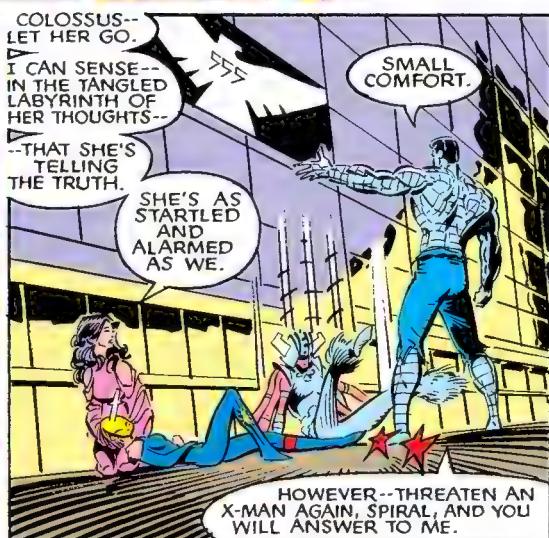
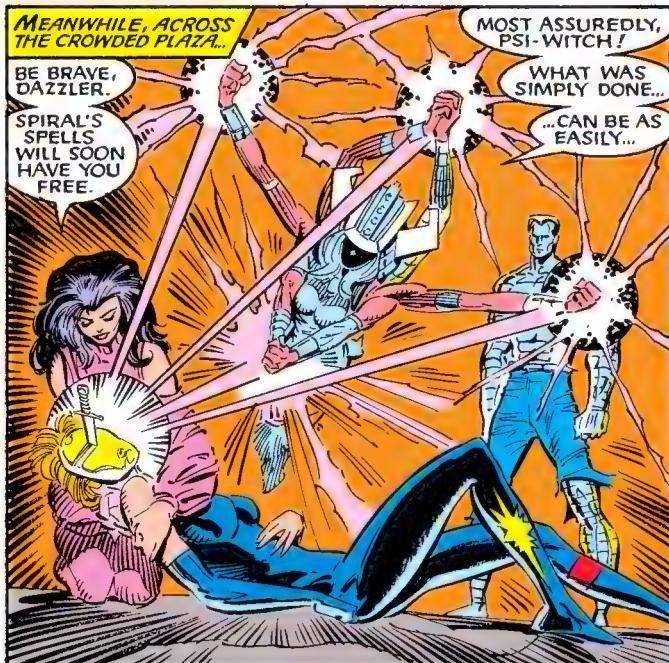
AND WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

DEPENDS.

FORGE, I AM IN NO MOOD FOR GAMES!







ELSEWHERE--

--THE AFRICA OF THIS OTHER EARTH...

--ON THE GREAT EASTERN PLAIN WHERE MANY, ON OUR WORLD, THEORIZE HUMAN LIFE BEGAN.

THIS WAS MY HOME--

--THE HOME OF MY ANCESTORS FROM THE DAWN OF MEMORY.

IT WAS HERE I WAS DRAWN, WHEN MY MILITANT POWERS FIRST MANIFESTED THEMSELVES.

HERE, I SET ASIDE MY HUMANITY AND TOOK ON THE MANTLE OF A GODDESS.

THAT SPECIAL RESONANCE--THE JOY I FELT WHENEVER MY FEET TROD THIS GROUND-- NEVER LEFT MY SOUL.

UNTIL NOW. I FEEL NOTHING.

HEAR THY DAUGHTER'S CALL!

DIFFERENT TIME, PULLED FROM THE VAULT OF MEMORY.

A YOUNG AND INNOCENT ORORO, CRYING OUT WITH ALL HER HEART...

IS THE FAULT MINE-- OR SOMETHING ELSE?

GREAT MOTHER--

--BRIGHT LADY OF THE EARTH AND AIR--

..UNSURE OF WHAT-- IF ANYTHING-- WILL ANSWER.

AWED BY WHAT DOES.

BUT HERE, NOW, THE ADULT BEHOLDS...

THIS WORLD HAS NO SOUL!

ALL THE ELEMENTS ARE IN PLACE-- BUT THEY ARE FORM WITHOUT FULL SUBSTANCE, AS IF THE WORLD ITSELF HAS YET TO BE TRULY BORN.

NOTHING!

IT LACKS CONSECRATION-- A GIFT OF THE SPIRIT TO BRING IT TO LIFE.

IS THAT WHY FORGE AND I ARE HERE, TO PROVIDE IT?

IS THAT THE REASON THERE IS NO BRIGHT LADY TO HEAR MY PRAYERS--

--BECAUSE, IN THIS PLACE...

...I AM MEANT TO BE SHE??!!



DALLAS.

HURRY IT UP, PEOPLE!

QUICKER WE ROLL, QUICKER YOU'LL REACH THE SANCTUARY WE'RE ESTABLISHING DOWNTOWN, WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE.

THAT WAS A CITY OUT THERE WHEN I WENT TO BED.

WHO YOU KIDDIN', PILGRIM.

NOW, IT'S OPEN PRAIRIE.

Y'ASK ME, AIN'T NOWHERE SAFE NOMORE.

LOOK--

--EVERYONE--

--ON THAT RIDGE--

--INDIANS!

STONEWALL RECOGNIZES THEM AS CHEYENNE, AND WONDERS ALOUD WHAT THEY'RE DOING SO FAR SOUTH OF THEIR WYOMING HOME.

IT'S CLEARLY A WAR PARTY, YET THEY MAKE NO MOVE TO ATTACK.

AND WHEN THEIR CHIEF RIDES FORWARD, ALONE, FOR A PALAVER...

THE CRIMSON COMMANDO DECIDES TO MEET HIM.

I SPEAK YOUR TONGUE, WHITE EYE.

WE COME IN PEACE, TO OFFER OUR HELP AGAINST THAT WHICH THREATENS US ALL.

THIS TWISTING OF WHAT IS AND WAS AND SHOULD BE...

...IS THE WORK OF THE MOST ANCIENT ADVERSARY OF THE HUMAN BEINGS.

OUR WORLD IS COMPOSED OF A SET STORE OF LIFE ENERGY. THE ADVERSARY'S AMBITION IS TO BURN THAT FUEL TO NOTHING IN AN INSTANT.

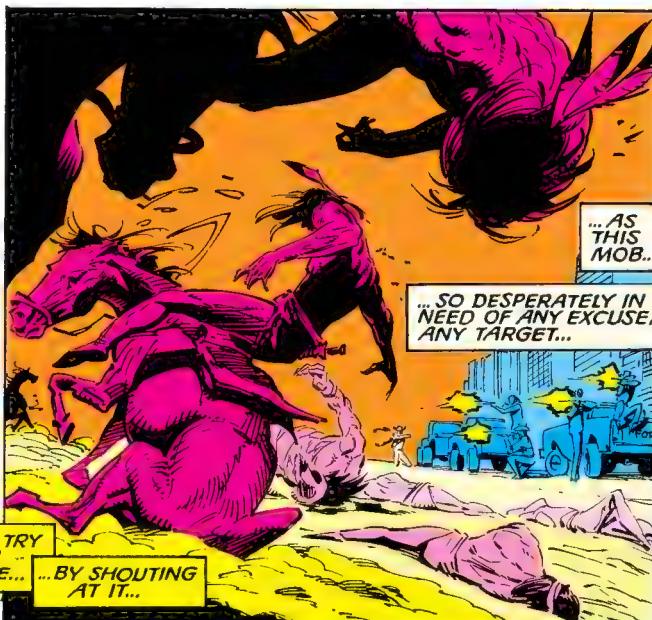
CAN HE BE STOPPED? THERE IS A WAY.

OUR MEDICINE CHIEF -- THE MAKER OF THINGS, OUR FORGE THAT RESHAPES SPIRIT INTO REALITY--

TO CONSUME THE WORLD -- ALL ITS PEOPLE, ALL THEIR WORKS -- UTTERLY AND CAST IT FOREVER INTO THE DARK CHAOS THAT IS HIS DWELLING PLACE.

THAT SOUNDS CRAZY...
...BUT I BELIEVE YOU.

--HAS SPENT A LIFETIME PREPARING FOR THIS BATTLE.



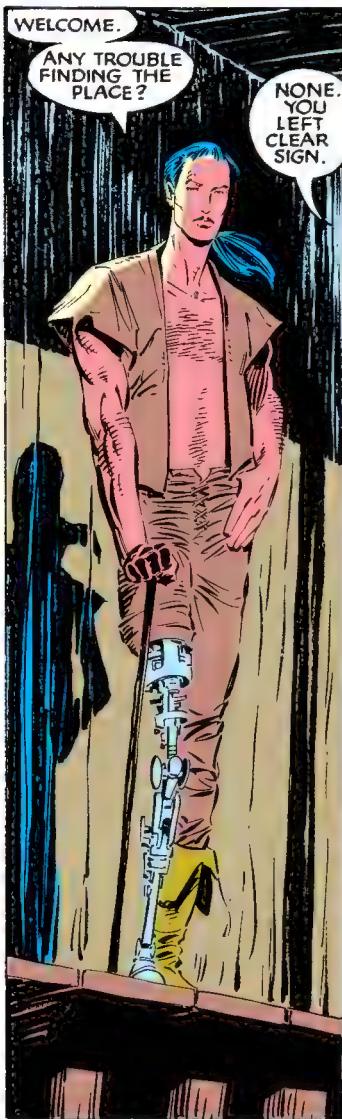
ELSEWHERE...

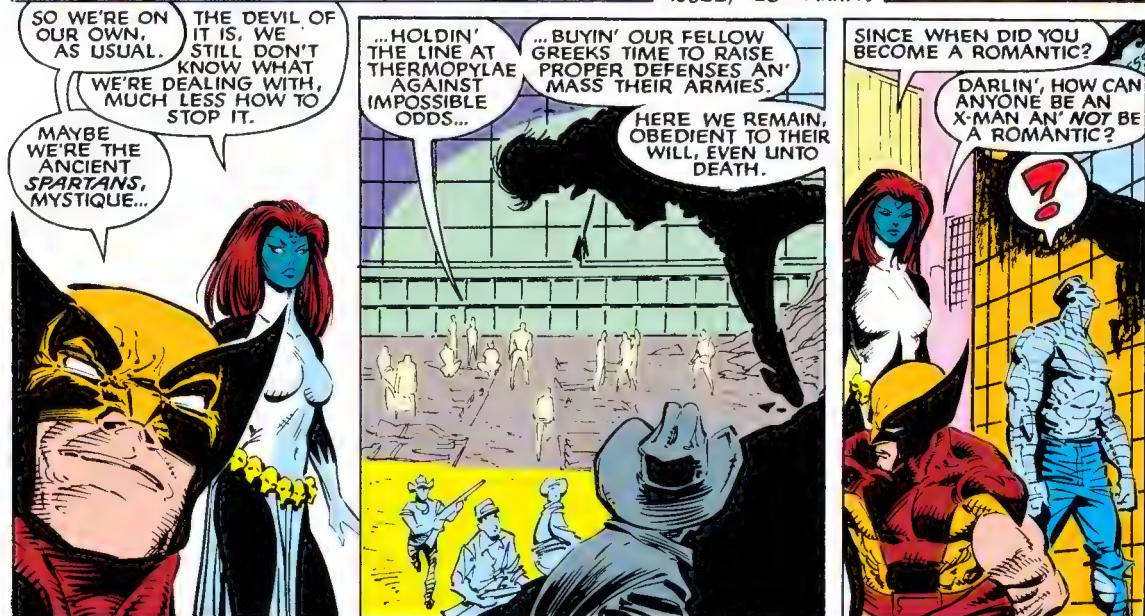
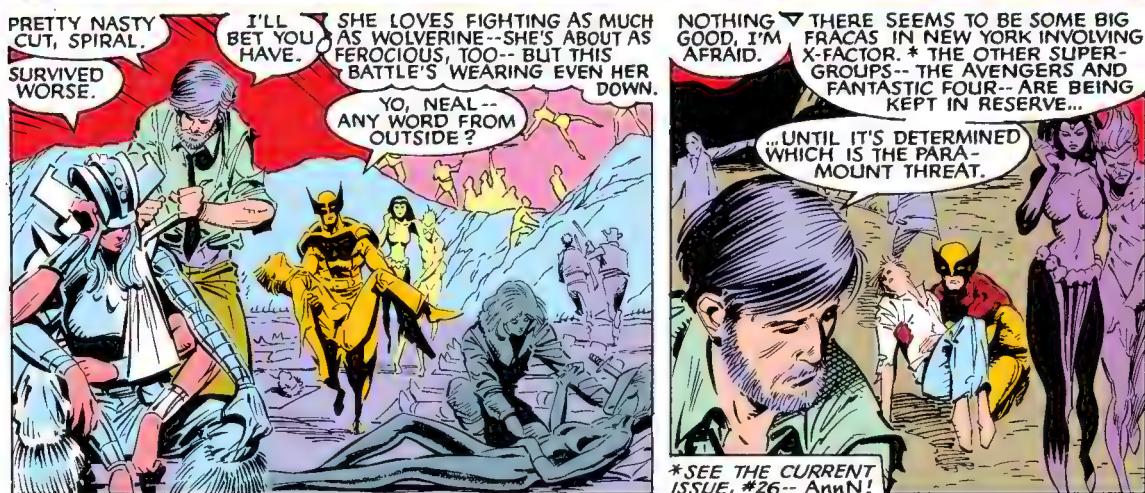
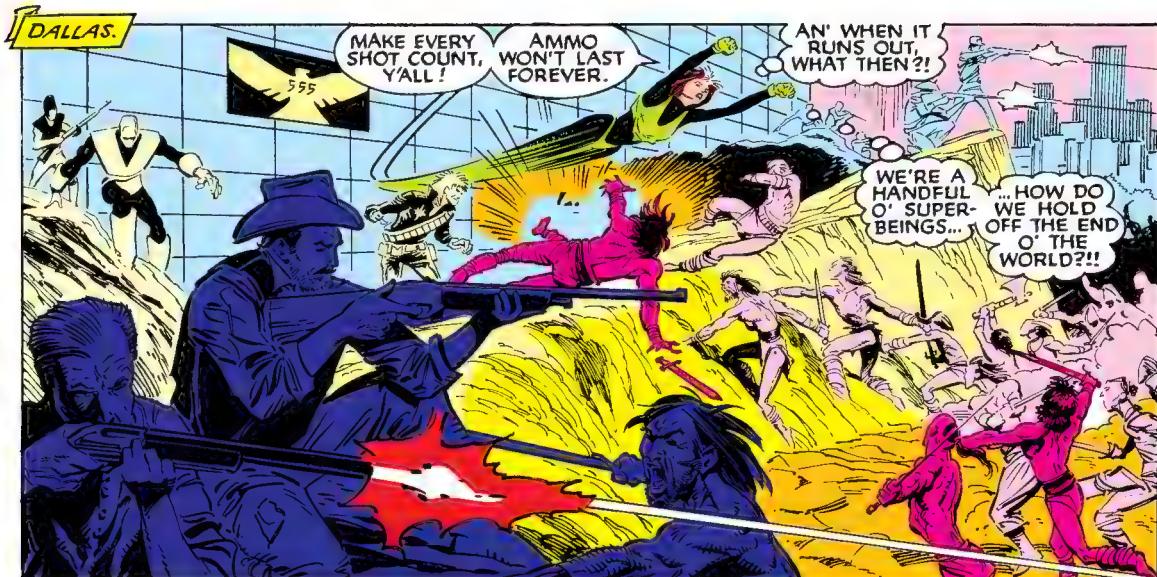


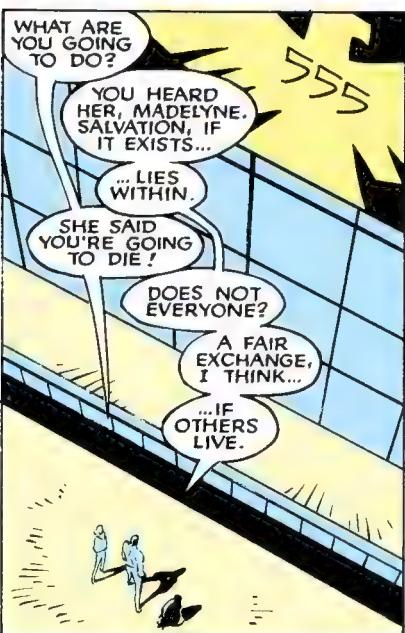
I KNOW -- HIS MUTANT TALENTS -- BUT THIS IS AL-
FORGE IS AN ARTIFICER -- THE ABILITY TO CRAFT MOST BEYOND BELIEF! FROM
ANY TOOL OR DEVICE HE DESIRES--

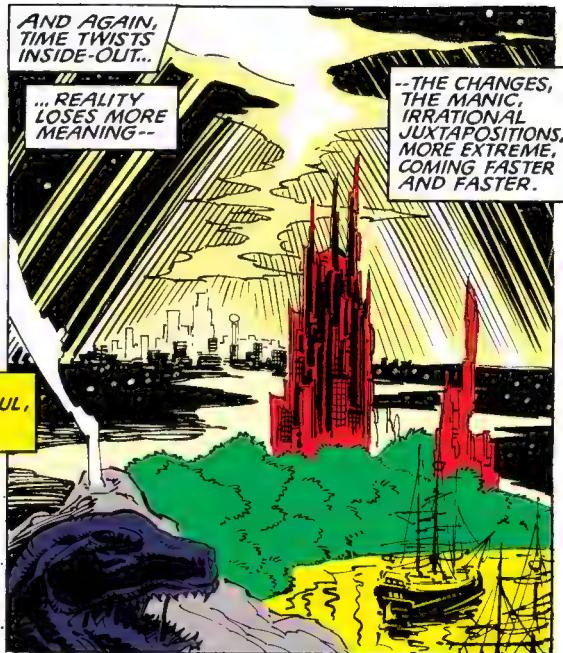
TO LEAP
FROM
THE STONE AGE
TO SOLAR
POWER TECHNOLOGY...

...IN A
YEAR??!









ROMA!?!)

YOLI--KNOW HER?!

SHE'S THE GUARDIAN OF THE OMNIVERSE, SUPREME CARE-TAKER AND ARBITER OF REALITY.

WELL, REALITY FOR US HAS CLEARLY GONE MAD. IF ROMA IS ITS CARETAKER, THEN SHE IS EITHER THE CAUSE OR ANOTHER VICTIM.

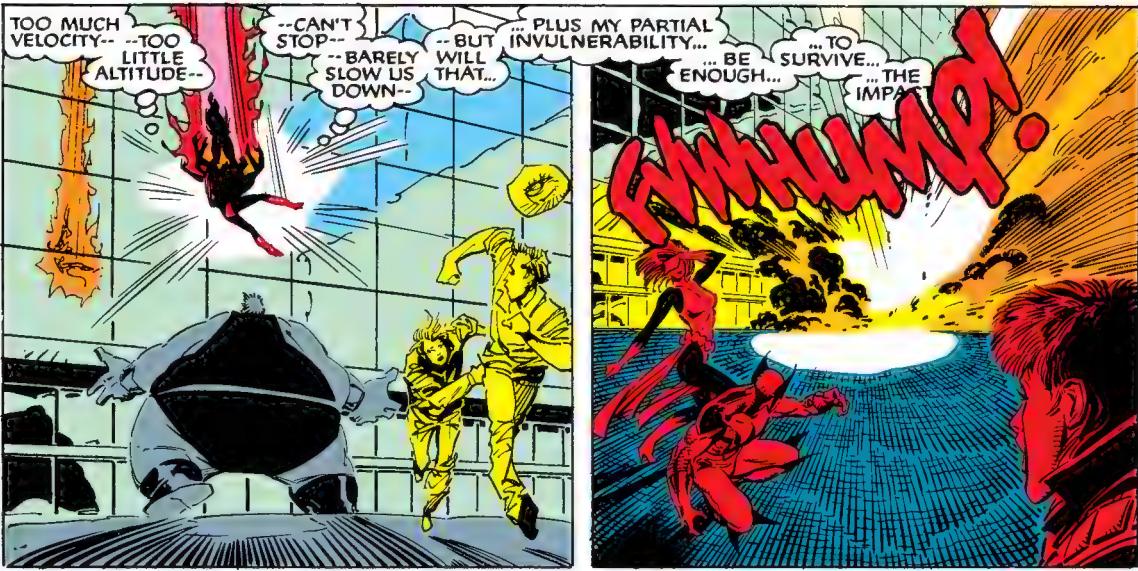
COLOSSUS, SHE'S A GODDESS. SO WHAT IF SHE CONTACTED YOU, HOW DO WE REACH HER?

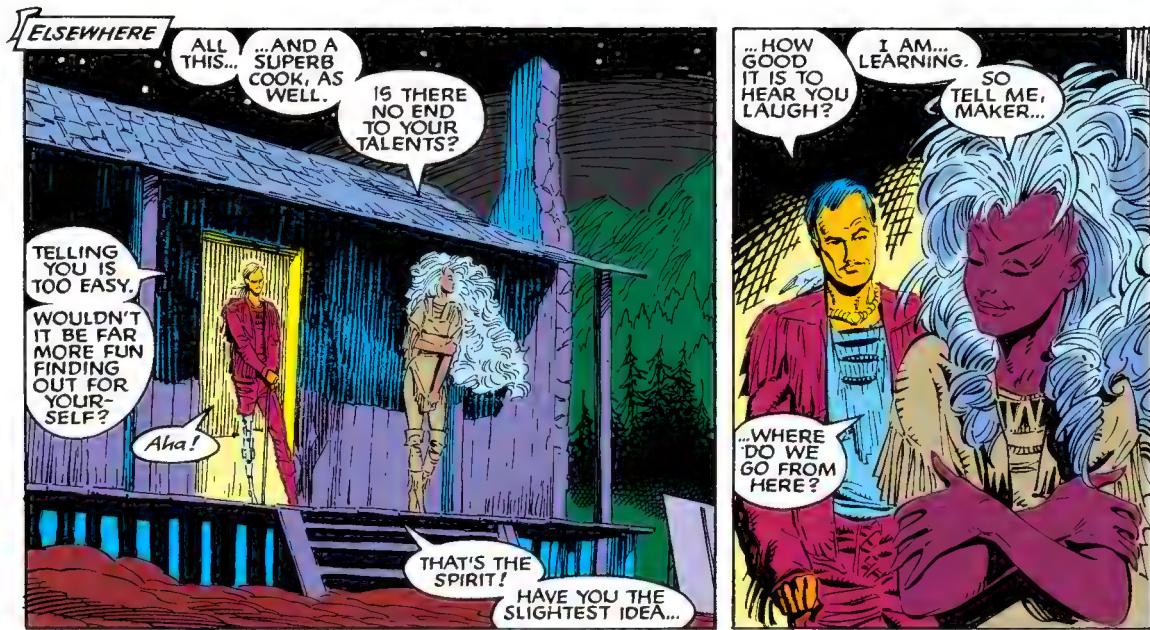
EVER SINCE I ARRIVED HERE, I HAVE BEEN DRAWN TO FORGE'S AERIE. PERHAPS THAT IS WHERE OUR ANSWERS ARE TO BE FOUND?

BOY MAKES SENSE. ROGUE, RECONNOITER FORGE'S PENT-HOUSE.

SPRAL, GET THERE FIRST.







THE ADVERSARY CREATES AS WELL AS DESTROYS. THE OLD WAY WINDS DOWN, AND OUT OF THE PRIMAL, TRANSITIONAL CHAOS, OUR NEW ONE BEGINS.

HE RESPECTS OUR POWER--AND POTENTIAL--AS MUCH AS HE FEARS IT. AND HE'S THE ULTIMATE GAMESTER AS WELL. THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T KILL US WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE.

BETTER, HE FEELS, TO OFFER US THE CHANCE TO BE THE AGENTS OF THIS GREAT CHANGE.

WE CAN BE BOTH WORLD SPIRITS AND THE PARENTS OF A NEW-- POSSIBLY BETTER-- HUMANITY.

WE GO BACK. ASSUMING WE'RE BRAVE AND INVENTIVE-- AND MAYBE FOOLISH-- ENOUGH.

BUT IF WE DO, ALL BETS ARE OFF. WE BECOME PART OF THAT EARTH'S FATE. IT DIES, WE DIE. NO NEW BEGINNING, NO SECOND CHANCE-- FOR US OR THE WORLD OR HUMANITY. FINITO, SWEETHEART.

IS THIS -- OR THE FORGE ADVERSARY, WHO SPEAKS--

DO I BELIEVE WORDS, OR HEART--

-- WHEN BOTH HAVE LIED??

AND THE ALTERNATIVE?

OF COURSE, WE MIGHT ALWAYS WIN-- BUT I WOULDN'T BET THOSE ODDS.

YOU SPEAK AS THOUGH WE HAVE A WAY HOME.

WHAT D'YOU THINK I'VE BEEN WORKING TOWARDS WHILE YOU'VE BEEN ROAMING THE GLOBE?

I'M THE MAKER, ORORO-- BUT YOU'RE THE LIFE-FORCE THAT GIVES ME PURPOSE. THAT ENABLES ME TO BEST USE THE TOOLS I BUILD.

BY OURSELVES, WE'RE CRIPPLED. TOGETHER--

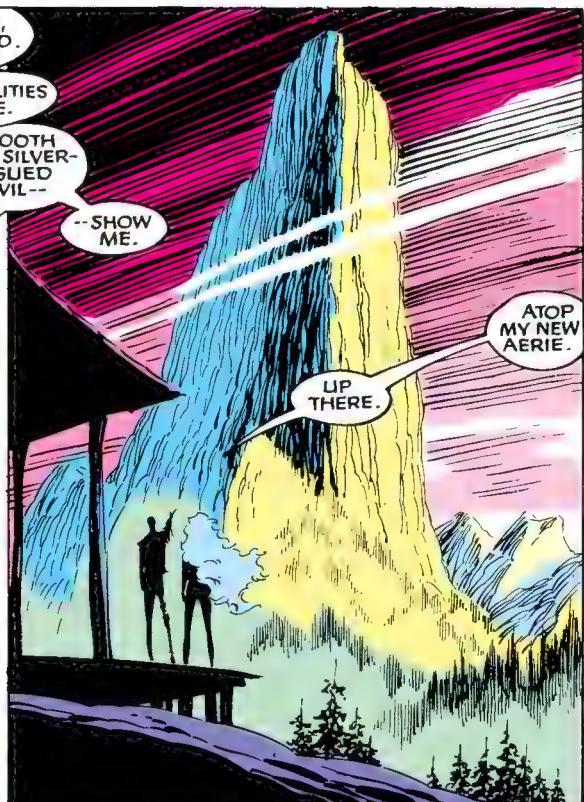
--THE POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITE.

SMOOTH AND SILVER-TONGUED DEVIL--

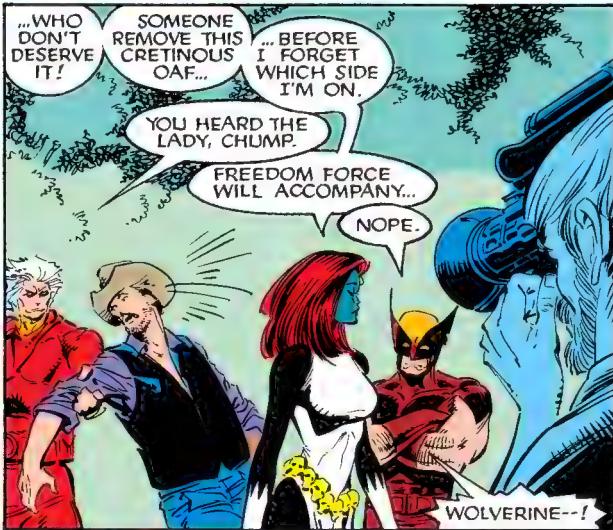
--SHOW ME.

ATOP MY NEW AERIE.

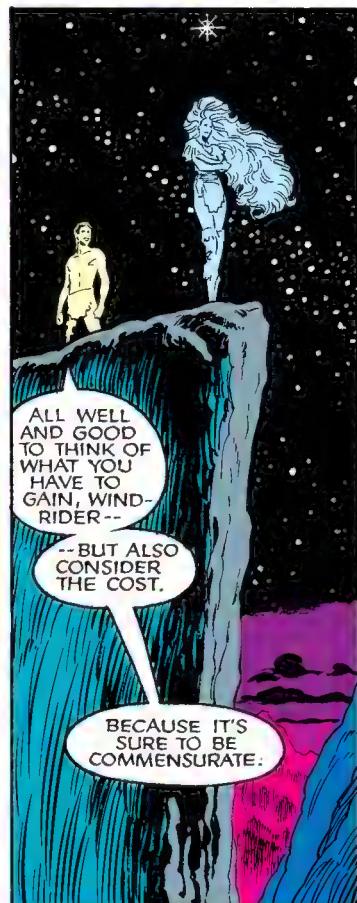
LIP THERE.

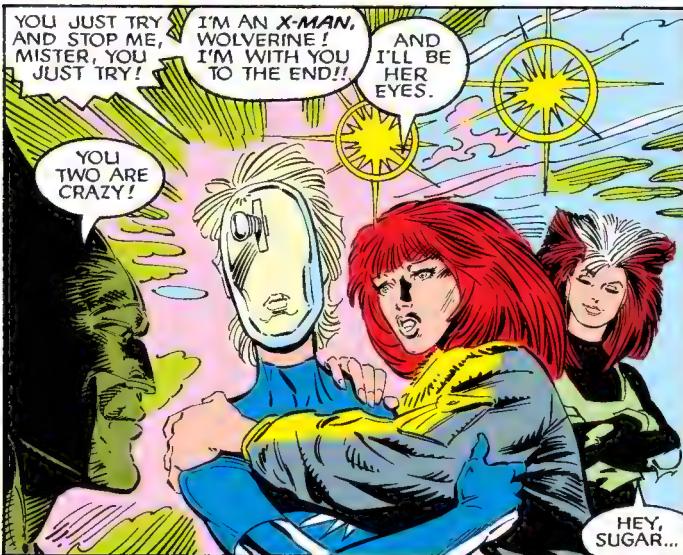


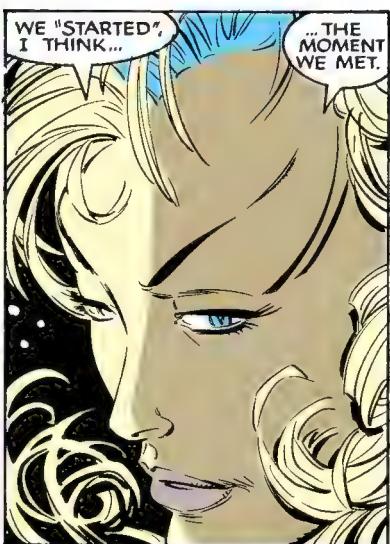
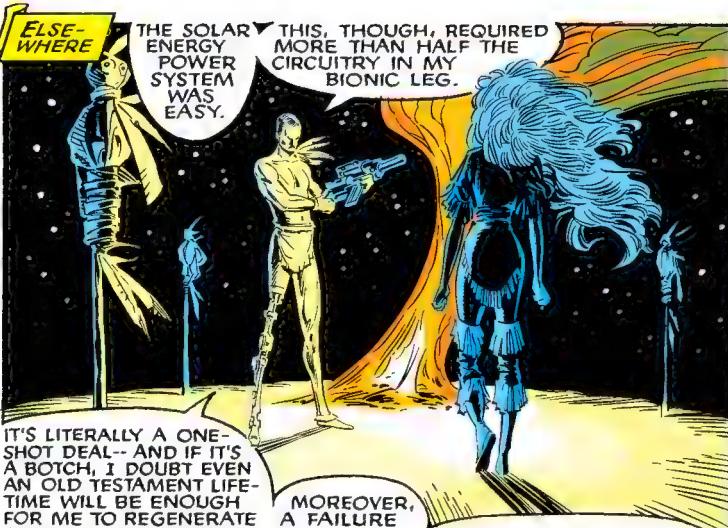


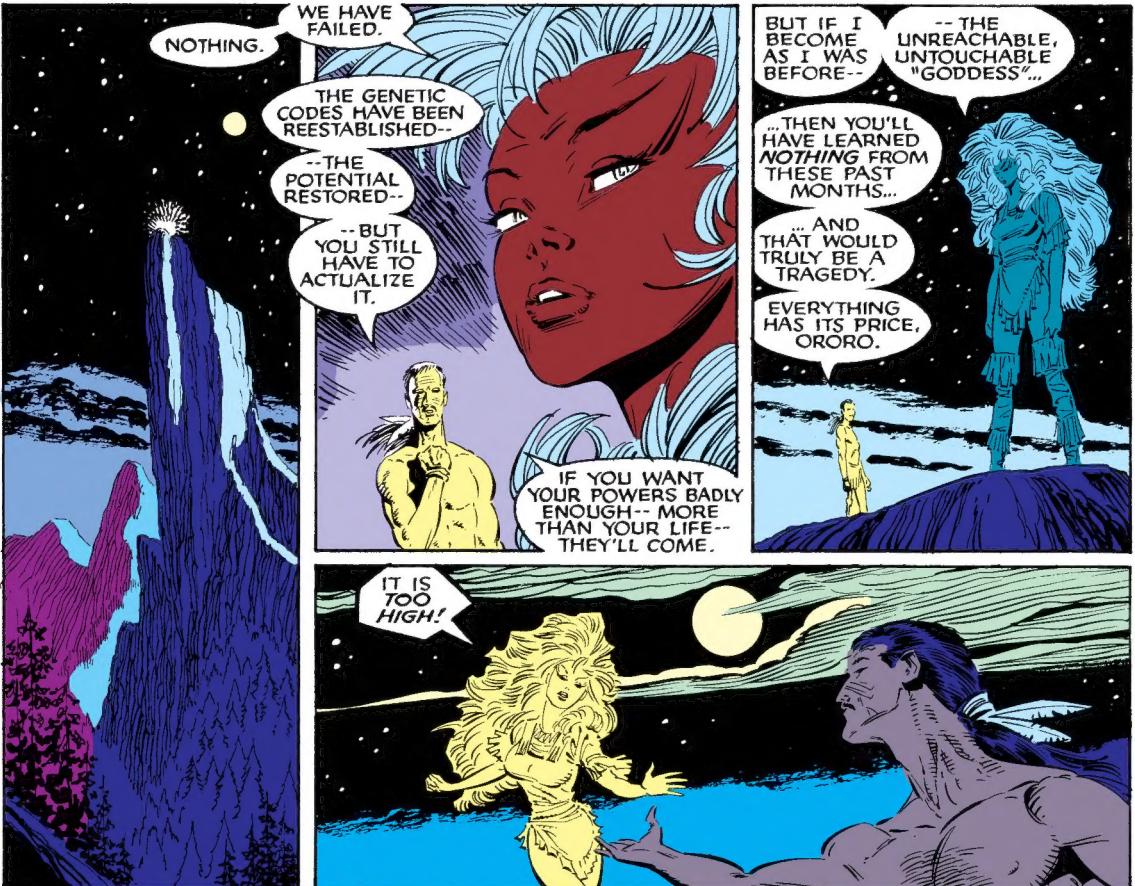


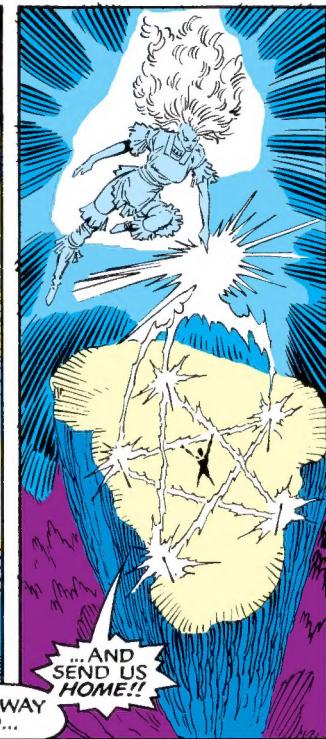
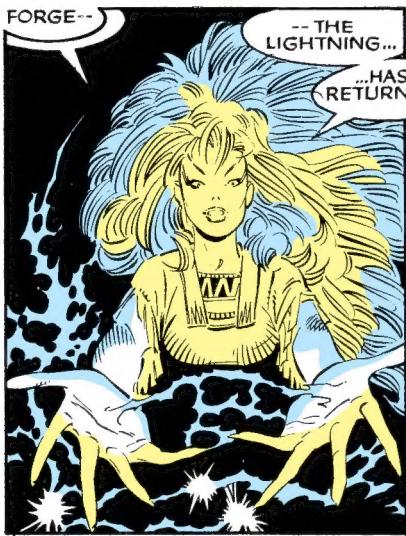
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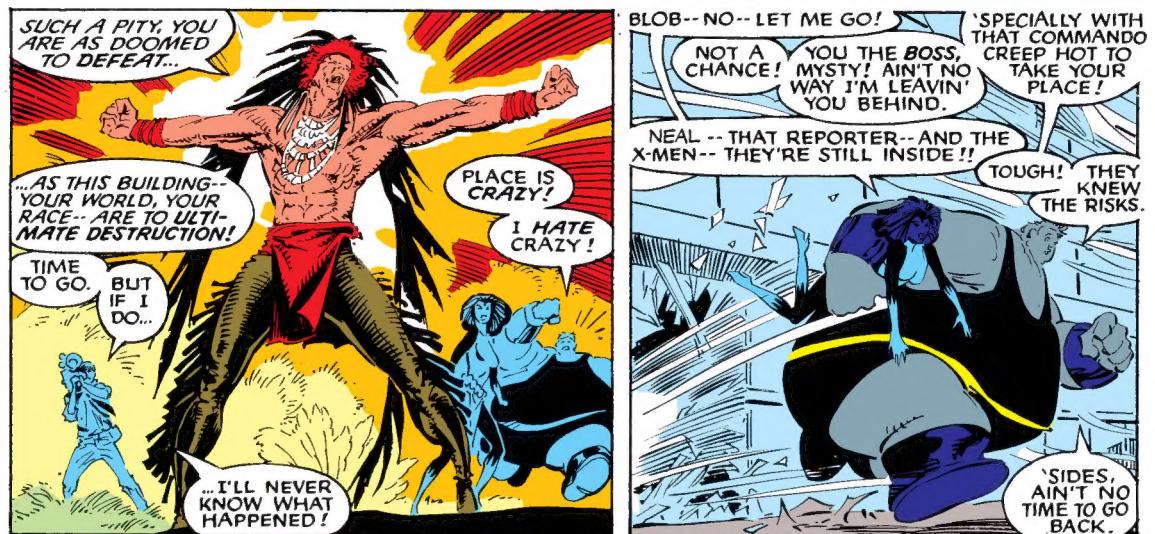
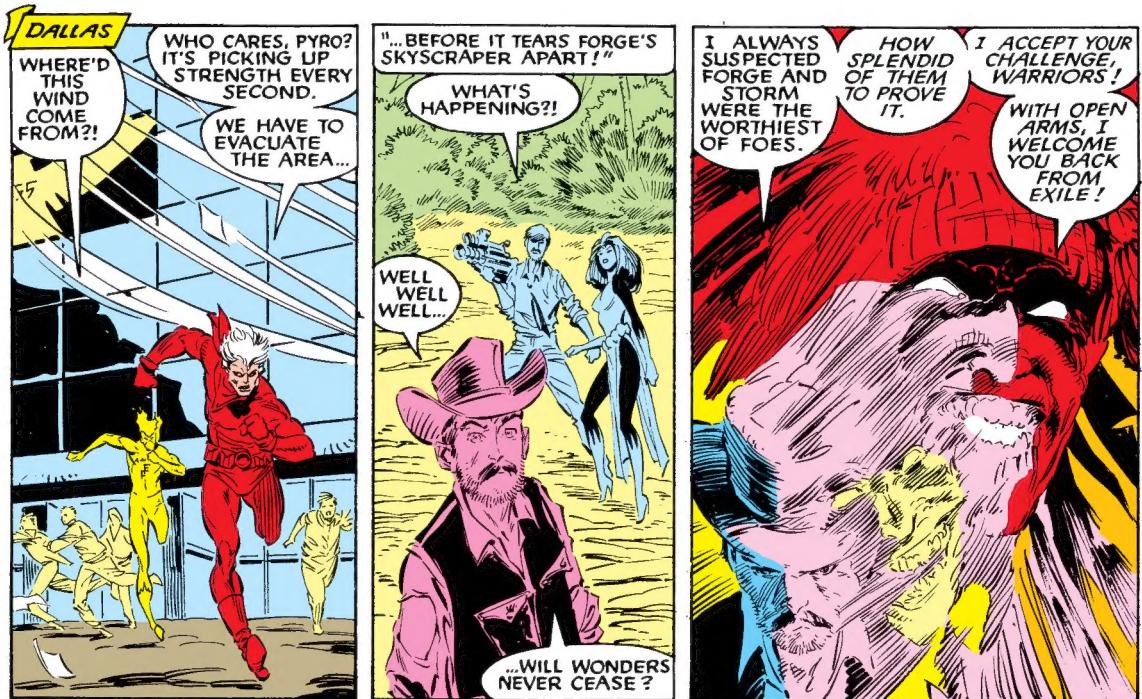












NEXT: THE BELLY OF THE BEAST!

Digitized by

Sy13nt

Bob

and

Pho

